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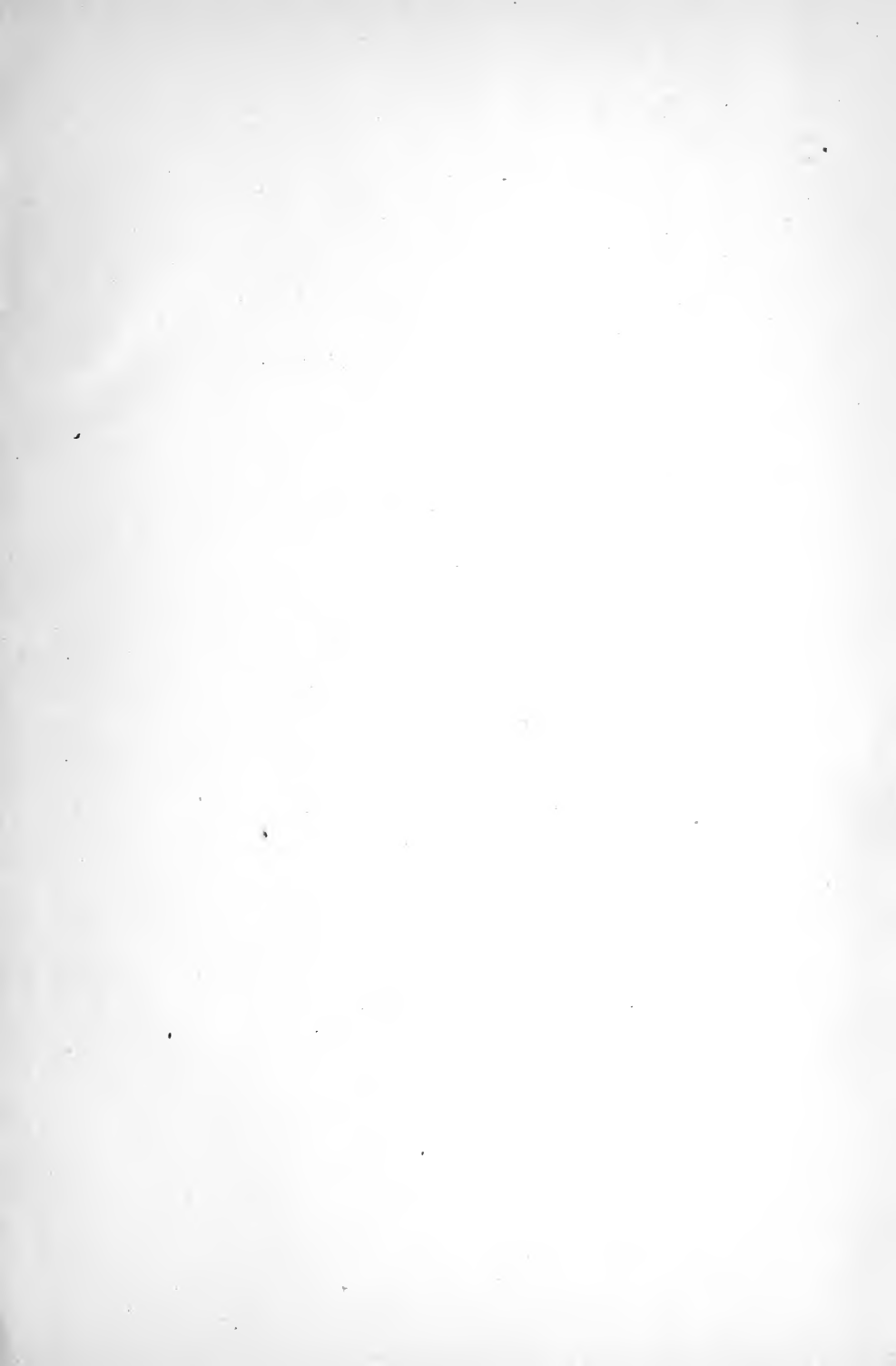


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**TORCHBEARERS ON THE KING'S
HIGHWAY**

TORCHBEARERS

ON THE

KING'S HIGHWAY

BY
KATE HARPER HAYWOOD
Teacher of Missions in St. Stephen's Church School, Lynn, Mass.

With Prefactory Note By
REV. EVERETT P. SMITH
Educational Secretary of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society

*"As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,
So noblenees enkindleth nobleness."*

MILWAUKEE
THE YOUNG CHURCHMAN CO.

1909

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Contents

PREFATORY NOTE	- - - - -	vii
THE FIRST CHURCH IN THE NEW WORLD	- - - - -	2
<i>Robert Hunt</i>		
FROM SLAVE LAD TO BISHOP	- - - - -	5
<i>Samuel Adjai Crowther</i>		
IN THE LAND OF THE DRAGON	- - - - -	8
<i>William Jones Boone</i>		
WINNING AGAINST ODDS	- - - - -	12
<i>Samuel Isaac Joseph Scheresschewsky</i>		
FOLLOWING THE FRONTIER	- - - - -	16
<i>Jackson Kemper</i>		
HELPING HIAWATHA'S PEOPLE	- - - - -	19
<i>Henry Benjamin Whipple</i>		
ATHLETE AND BISHOP	- - - - -	22
<i>Peter Trimble Rowe</i>		
A BRIGHT LAD IN A DARK LAND	- - - - -	26
<i>David Livingstone</i>		
BUYING A ROAD WITH HIS LIFE	- . . - -	31
<i>James Hannington</i>		
THE WHITE MAN OF WORK	- - - - -	35
<i>Alexander M. Mackay</i>		
THE MASTER OF THE "SOUTHERN CROSS"	- - - - -	38
<i>John Coleridge Patteson</i>		
THE MACHINERY OF MISSIONS	- - - - -	43
<i>With Note Book Outline</i>		

APPENDICES.

A. TOPICS FOR REVIEW	- - - - -	47
B. SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS	- - - - -	51
C. REFERENCE BOOKS FOR TEACHERS	- - - - -	55
D. SUPPLEMENTARY READING FOR CHILDREN	- - - - -	56

TO THE
REV. ERNEST JOSEPH DENNEN,

Rector of St. Stephen's Church, Lynn, Massachusetts

*At whose suggestion this work was undertaken and through whose
encouragement and assistance it has reached its present form.*

Prefactory Note

For those who have been in the habit of telling missionary stories to children, this book needs no recommendation, but speaks for itself and furnishes valuable material for such a purpose. For those who have not tried biography, we can recommend it with pleasure because it will open to them a new and fascinating avenue of approach to the enthusiasm and Christian loyalty of boys and girls, and so aid in the hastening of God's Kingdom on earth.

Church Missions House,
Epiphany, 1909.

EVERETT P. SMITH,
Educational Secretary.

Missionaries and Missions

We are going to think about some good and brave men who have gone out from their homes as missionaries. These men have had many interesting and exciting adventures, and some day I hope you will want to learn more about them than there is time for in these stories. But before we begin to learn about them, let us think for a moment what is meant by the words *missionary* and *missions*.

You know how God sent His Son into the world, to teach people of their Heavenly Father's love. So we may think about the Lord Jesus as the First Missionary, because the words means someone who is sent. We know that He spent His life in doing good, and in teaching people how to show their love for God by helping each other, or, as our catechism puts it, "Their duty toward God, and their duty toward their neighbor."

When St. Luke sums up our Lord's life, he speaks of "all the things which Jesus *began* to do and to teach." So it seems plain that when the Saviour, just before He was taken from their sight, charged His disciples to "go, teach all nations," He meant that His followers should carry on what He had begun.

Now *missions* means the whole matter of sending missionaries, raising money to support them, and teaching the people at home about their work.

The missionary message is this: "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him, should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Every one of us, large and small, can help in sending this message, by praying for missions, learning about missions, and giving for missions.

The First Church in the New World

ROBERT HUNT.

DIED 1610.

About three hundred years ago, on New Year's Day 1607, three ships, the *Discovery*, the *Godspeed*, and the *Susan Constant*, sailed away from England under command of Captain Christopher Newport. Besides the crews, they bore a little band of 105 men, sent out by the London Company to make a home for themselves in the New World, but they knew they should find no white men there—only Indians, and no towns except the Indian villages, although Sir Walter Raleigh had already visited the newly discovered country, and named it Virginia.

They expected to find gold and precious stones, and perhaps the short route to India, for which all the explorers since Columbus had been looking.

There were men of different trades in that company. Some were brave men, fond of adventure, like Captain John Smith; and there was one whom we are to remember, the Rev. Robert Hunt, a clergyman of the English Church, who for more than a year had been thinking of going, and had at last decided to go with the party and give them the blessing and comfort of the Church in the wilderness where they were to live. They called him an "honest, courageous, and religious" man, and I am sure he must have needed all his courage during the hard years that were coming.

For four months their ships were tossed by wind and storm, and so glad were they to reach smooth seas, that they called the first land they saw Point Comfort, in what is now Hampton Roads. They sailed up the river,

Torchbearers on the King's Highway.

which they called James, in honor of their King, and chose a landing place on a neck of land running into deep water, where they could moor their ships to the trees. This they named Jamestown.

They landed on Wednesday, and on Thursday they made a fort, like a triangle, with a cannon at each angle. Then they made ready for their Church service on Sunday, and how do you think they did it? They hung up an old sail and tied it to the trees to keep off sun or rain. The pulpit was a bar of wood between two trees, and the seats were logs rolled into place.

It was the Sunday after Ascension Day, and Robert Hunt read from the Prayer Book the same service which was being read in the beautiful cathedrals and village churches of the home land, and preached to them from the rough pulpit just as earnestly, no doubt, as he ever had in England.

Captain Smith tells us that "this was our church till we built a homely thing, like a barne, set upon cratchets, covered with rafts, sedge, and earth." There they had service each morning and evening, with two sermons on Sunday and Holy Communion every three months.

As time went on they had to bear many hardships. The food which they had brought was almost gone, the water of the river was salt, and though they had fish and oysters, and some corn, there was little else. Many of the men became ill, and all were often hungry. Sometimes they quarreled, and then the good minister acted as peacemaker. He comforted them in illness, helped them in their need, and when they died, as over fifty of them did, he gave them Christian burial.

Torchbearers on the King's Highway.

Another ship arrived after a time, bringing some women among its passengers. One of them, Ann Burras, was married soon after by Master Hunt, as his people called him. This was the first Christian marriage in this country.

It was in the second year that Captain Smith explored the Chickahominy and was captured by the Indians. We all know the story of the Chief Powhatan and his daughter, Pocahontas, who saved Smith's life, and was such a good friend to the settlers afterwards.

When, a dozen years later, Pocahontas was baptized and married to John Rolfe, it was in the church at Jamestown, but not in the same building described by John Smith as the "homely thing like a barne," for that had been burned down and a better building erected in its place. The tower of that building still stands, and it was in the restored church that the 300th anniversary of the founding of Jamestown was celebrated in 1907. When the first church was burned, Master Hunt lost everything, and Captain Smith wrote that no one ever heard him complain.

The third winter was the hardest of all for the colony, and is known as the Starving Time. Of five hundred people, only sixty lived until spring. Master Hunt, having helped and comforted the others, died from privation.

His work in Virginia lasted only three years, but they were years that proved his goodness and courage, and Robert Hunt and his people are to be remembered as the first to establish regular religious services in this country.

From Slave Lad to Bishop

SAMUEL ADJAI CROWTHER.

1808-1891.

A good many years ago there lived in Africa a little black boy named Adjai. He lived with his father and mother and sisters and brother in a hut made of bamboo sticks, and roofed with straw, and all the other people lived in huts like it. You would have thought them very queer people if you had gone into the village some day, for they did not wear clothes like yours, and their customs were very different. They would probably have thought you equally queer, for I don't suppose they had ever seen a white child in their lives.

One of the saddest things about them was that they had never heard about God, or the little Christ Child whose birth we celebrate on Christmas Day. And so they sometimes did cruel things, and those who lived in different villages often fought together, and many people were carried off to be sold as slaves.

When little Adjai was eleven years old, a dreadful thing happened to him. One night there was a great noise of fighting in the village, and as his father ran out of the hut to protect his family, he was killed. The mother tried to escape with her children, but they were caught and marched off with many others in a long line, fastened together so that no one could get away. When at last, after a long and weary tramp, they reached the coast, the little family were separated and poor little Adjai was carried on board a ship with many others, and packed in the dark hold under the decks. Can't you imagine how sad and frightened he was, with no mother to comfort him?

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After several days they heard a great noise overhead, and I suppose they were more frightened than ever, for no one knew what might be going to happen now. How relieved they must have been when the hatches or doors to the hold were opened, and kind faced men brought food and comfort to them! Then they learned that the slave ship had been captured by a British war vessel and that they were to be freed and taken to a mission station in Sierra Leone, where they would be safe.

Here the little Adjai was put into school with many other boys and was soon one of the best pupils in his class. Here, too, he learned about God, and that the people who were so kind to him were doing it for Jesus' sake. And when he was fifteen he was baptized and became "Christ's faithful soldier and servant." At his baptism he took the name of Samuel Adjai Crowther.

In the same school was a little girl who had been rescued from another slave ship, and she was baptized Susanna. Some years later, after Samuel Adjai had been to college and had begun to teach in school, he and Susanna were married, and she proved a great help to him in his work for others.

All this time there had been growing in his heart a desire to go back to the place where he was born, to teach and help his own people. Probably he often thought about his mother, and the sisters and brother from whom he had been so cruelly parted. At all events, he decided to become a minister, so he went to England to study for it, and after his ordination he went back to his own part of Africa and started his work there. It was twenty-five years since that dreadful night when he had been carried away, and he found many more people there, some of them Christians

Torchbearers on the King's Highway.

who had come from a place where the missionaries had been, and these made him welcome and were glad to listen to him.

Now I wonder if you can guess what I am going to tell you about a very joyful thing that happened after he had been there a few weeks? One day he was preaching, and after he had finished he saw an old woman sitting near, and going up to her, he spoke in his kindly way, asking about her life. You can imagine his feelings when she began to tell him of her troubles, and especially of how her little boy had been carried away from her so many years before. He scarcely needed to ask the boy's name, but when she said Adjai, he knew that he had at last found his mother. How happy she must have been when she found that this good man was her own son! His sisters and brother were living with her, so the family were all united after the long separation. What a joy it must have been to his loving heart that his mother was one of the first people he baptized in this mission!

As years went on a great honor came to him, for he was made the first Bishop of the Niger. He lived to be a very old man and did great work for his people, starting missions, travelling up and down the river in a canoe, visiting his people, opening schools, and urging them to stop their cruel customs and to take up farming and trading. Besides all his preaching and teaching, he translated the Bible into the native languages. To-day that part of Africa is very different, and a much happier place, on account of the life and work of Bishop Samuel Adjai Crowther.

In the Land of the Dragon

WILLIAM JONES BOONE.

1811-1864.

A good many years ago, before China was open to foreigners, a young lawyer of South Carolina was studying for the ministry, and feeling a great desire to go out to that vast Empire to teach his heathen brothers that God loved them. He had read about their need of the missionary message, of their living in constant fear of evil spirits, and of how this fear drove them into many cruel customs. He realized, too, how little they knew about caring for the sick and the needless suffering among them which a Christian physician could relieve.

He knew how they worshipped at the shrines of their fathers and grandfathers, and copied anything that was old, no matter whether it was good or not; and that for this reason they hated foreigners and tried to keep them out of the country.

Because of this he asked to be sent to China, since he also knew how much the story of their Heavenly Father's love would help them if he could once get them to hear it.

His name was William Jones Boone, and he afterwards became the first Bishop of China.

His is a good missionary name to remember, for one of his sons in after years was the fourth Bishop of China, while another became head of the medical department of St. John's University in Shanghai. Boone College in Wuchang preserves the memory of our brave pioneer.

But that is getting ahead of the story.

Our own Church had already sent out two young men, but they had been obliged to stay on the island of Java,

Torchbearers on the King's Highway.

on account of the laws against foreigners and against Christian teaching.

Mr. Boone's friends had tried hard to persuade him not to go. One of them said: "You can't go. China isn't open. It isn't possible!" To which he instantly replied: "If by going to China and staying all my life, I could but oil the hinges of the door, so that the next man who comes would be able to get in, I should be glad to go."

Before his ordination he took a medical course, that he might be able to help those who suffered from illness.

In 1837 he was married, and sailed with his wife for Java shortly after. It was a long journey of a hundred and six days, and when he reached the island he found, to his disappointment, that Mr. Hanson, one of the young men already there, was obliged to leave on account of his health.

The other, Mr. Lockwood, remained with them, teaching native boys for two years, when he was also obliged to return home.

This left Dr. and Mrs. Boone alone with all the work of teaching, studying the language, preaching, and healing the sick.

They soon found it wiser to move the school to Macao, where the climate did not affect them so badly.

In 1842 the Chinese government opened five treaty ports to foreigners, and at last the door to China seemed to swing back a little way upon its hinges. The mission was again moved, this time to Amoy, and Dr. Boone wrote home asking for helpers.

No one answered the call, and they toiled on alone, until Mrs. Boone died, and it became necessary for her husband to take his motherless children to America.

While he was in this country he tried to get people in-

Torchbearers on the King's Highway.

terested in China, and succeeded so well that six persons volunteered to go, and enough money was promised for their support.

The Board of Missions now felt that the time had come for a Bishop to be appointed to care for the mission, and that Dr. Boone was the proper man for the office.

Accordingly he was consecrated in Philadelphia on October 25th, 1844, and soon after was married. In December Bishop and Mrs. Boone, with the new missionaries, sailed for China.

With them was a Chinese lad named Wong, who had gone with Dr. Boone to America. This lad is worth knowing. During the four months' voyage he had decided to become a Christian, but on landing he went to his home at some distance, and the Bishop lost sight of him for several months. One day a forlorn, half-starved figure appeared at the mission. It was Wong, and his story was a sad one. His parents had been very angry and had ordered him to give up his faith.

When he refused he had been shut up, beaten, and starved until he managed to escape. Mr. Wong afterward became the first native clergyman of the mission, and his children are among our honored workers.

But to return to Bishop Boone. He had settled at Shanghai instead of Amoy, and there the mission has ever since remained.

He led a very busy life, teaching the language to the new missionaries, getting a boys' school started, translating and writing books, besides preaching, and planning for the work.

As new helpers and new gifts came from the Church at home, the work was extended, and a school was opened

Torchbearers on the King's Highway.

for girls. The Chinese had not thought it worth while to teach girls anything, so they had had no school of their own.

Although the door of China had swung back upon its hinges, it often swung shut for a time, and the missionaries went through many trials.

There were riots, in which the buildings were destroyed, and sometimes the lives of the missionaries were in danger. Illness often forced the workers to return home, and even sent the Bishop away for a time.

During our Civil War almost no money was sent to them, and some of the work had to be given up.

Through these hard days Mr. Wong was a tower of strength. His faithful service lasted all his life, and made him respected and loved by all.

It is not strange that all the care and anxiety of these troublous times should have broken down the Bishop's health. After laboring twenty-seven years for China, he died in July, 1864, mourned by the Chinese Christians and the foreign residents, no less than by the staff of the mission.

Winning Against Odds

SAMUEL ISAAC JOSEPH SCHERESCHEWSKY.

1831-1906.

Years ago, across the sea in Poland, there grew up a little Jewish boy who was to become one of the heroes of the Cross. His name was Samuel Isaac Joseph Schereschewsky. Though the family was poor, the boy was sent to school and to the university, because his father wanted him to be a rabbi, or teacher.

It was part of the boy's education to study the Old Testament very thoroughly. It was the history, and contained much of the literature, of his nation. He understood so well all the promises in it that when, at the university, the New Testament came into his hands, he understood that these promises had been kept by the coming of Jesus on earth as the Christ.

He came to America and was welcomed by some other Polish Christians, and after a short time he decided to study for the ministry. It was while he was in the General Seminary in New York that William J. Boone was appointed as first Bishop of China and was looking for helpers to take up Christian work.

Bishop Boone sailed for Shanghai in 1859, and one of the eight missionaries who sailed with him was the scholarly Christian Jew, Mr. Schereschewsky.

During the long voyage Bishop Boone gave him lessons in Chinese, and, as he had a special gift for languages, he soon learned to speak and write Chinese. The Bishop saw that this gift would make him unusually valuable as a translator, and therefore sent him to Peking, to make him-

Torchbearers on the King's Highway.

self perfect in the Mandarin, or official, language of the country.

For you must understand that the 25,000 characters do not present the only difficulty to the student of Chinese. That is hard enough. But the Mandarin spoken at Peking is not commonly used at Shanghai. More than that, the dialect used in business and every-day affairs is not that used by well educated people in their books. This literary, or book-language, is called Wenli and is used everywhere throughout the Chinese Empire.

Mr. Schereschewsky, together with Bishop Burdon of the English Church, made a translation of the New Testament into Mandarin, and afterward by himself he translated the Old Testament from the original Hebrew, a task on which he spent eight years. This Mandarin Bible is used by both the English and American Bible Societies.

Meanwhile, he was doing other missionary work. He had bought a heathen temple and turned it into a church and preached to the natives round about. His wife, who had been one of the mission teachers, was carrying on a successful day school.

In 1875 he returned to America for a rest, and while here it became necessary to appoint a new Bishop for China. The Board of Missions asked him to take the office, but he declined. On being asked again the next year, however, he accepted, and was consecrated in Grace Church, New York, in October, 1877. He sailed at once for China.

Realizing the need of educational work he had collected money for a college from friends in America. On reaching Shanghai he bought an estate of thirteen acres, five miles out of the city. On this "compound" there are

Torchbearers on the King's Highway.

now many buildings, for St. John's University is one of the finest colleges in China, with schools of science, medicine, and theology. Besides the college buildings there are St. Mary's Hall, a school for girls, St. Mary's Orphanage, and a Church Training School for Women. And now we come to the most wonderful and heroic part of the story. In 1881 Bishop Schereschewsky had a sunstroke which brought on an illness resulting in paralysis. When he found that he could never walk or help himself again, he resigned his bishopric and came back to America.

He had said that while he resigned as Bishop, he wished it to be distinctly understood that he did not intend to resign as a missionary.

But how could a man do missionary work when he was almost helpless? He could, to be sure, use one finger of each hand; but how much could two fingers do?

Well, this is what he did. He knew that his Mandarin Bible would be read by the common people of China, but that if he could make a translation into Wenli, or book-language, it would be read by the students and literary people. This would have been a great undertaking for a well man, and seemed almost impossible for a helpless invalid.

With undaunted courage he came to Cambridge, Mass., and began the work. He could not speak clearly enough for a Chinese secretary to understand him, so with the typewriter and his two fingers he spelled out the sounds of the Chinese words.

For nine years he toiled patiently on, sometimes too weak to push the keys except with a stick fastened to his hand.

Torchbearers on the King's Highway.

Then he asked to be sent to China to oversee the printing of the book. Finding that the work could be more cheaply done in Japan, however, he went later to Tokio.

There he worked eight hours a day in his study, reading from his typewriter sounds, which his native helpers put into Chinese characters.

His great desire to live to complete the work was granted, for it was practically finished, when, in September, 1906, he was called to his rest.

Twenty-five years this brave invalid had spent in his chair, and yet had accomplished more than many strong men.

Following the Frontier

JACKSON KEMPER.

1789-1870.

The life of Jackson Kemper, our first Missionary Bishop, is closely interwoven with the history of our country. Born in New York on Christmas Eve of 1789, the first year of Washington's presidency, he graduated from Columbia College, the valedictorian of the class of 1809, and was ordered deacon two years later by Bishop White of Pennsylvania, one of the first three Bishops of the American Church.

Soon after the War of 1812 broke out, the young deacon was asked by the newly formed Society for the Advancement of Christianity in Pennsylvania to make a journey into the western part of the state, to learn what could be done for the Church in the smaller places and the new settlements.

Ever since the Louisiana Purchase in 1803, the frontier had been moving rapidly westward. Ohio was already a state, while adventurous settlers were pushing on into what is now Indiana. Life in these frontier settlements was very rough, roads were bad, and travelling slow and difficult.

Kemper made this journey a dozen years before the first railroad was built in America, and though Fulton had proved, five years earlier, that a boat could be propelled by steam, it was not yet a common mode of travel. Driving from point to point, our missionary explorer reached Pittsburgh in a month, and continuing his journey, crossed the state line into Virginia. On his return he made a report to the Society, and in August, 1814, the month when

Torchbearers on the King's Highway.

the British sacked and burned the city of Washington, Kemper undertook a second visitation. This time he went as far as the northeastern part of Ohio. He found Church people "scattered like sheep in a wilderness." Many of these he gathered into congregations, giving them what services he could and baptizing all who desired it.

By 1825, when Bishop White made a journey to Pittsburgh with Kemper, the Missionary Society had established stations in Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri, and in 1834 Kemper went "to the remotest west" to visit the Indian Mission at Green Bay, on the western shore of Lake Michigan. At that time Chicago was a newly built town of a few houses.

The year 1835 is an important one in our Church history, for in that year the General Convention took up foreign mission work and also appointed Jackson Kemper as first Missionary Bishop.

His jurisdiction was a very indefinite one because the country was growing so fast and new territory was continually being opened up. He first travelled through Indiana, where he found one missionary but no church building. In Missouri, on the contrary, he found one church but no clergyman. He also went into Iowa and what is now Kansas, then a part of the great tract known as Indian Territory.

He wrote of one of his trips: "Shall I tell you how we were benighted and how we lost our way, of the deep creeks we forded and the bad bridges we crossed, how we were drenched to the skin, and how we waded for half an hour in a slough? But these events were matters of course." In letters to his family he pictures himself shak-

Torchbearers on the King's Highway.

ing with cold while eating in a wretched cabin without windows, with the door left open for light.

The few people were very poor. Once he drove twenty miles in a snow-storm without seeing a house. At night he was glad to share with eleven others the shelter of a one-room log cabin. He described the way he dressed to keep from freezing. "I have on thick blue cloth leggings, buffalo moccasins over waterproof boots, a lion-skin great-coat with collar turned up, a handkerchief around it to keep it tight, and another handkerchief around my ears."

As fast as a diocese could be formed, a Bishop was consecrated for it, leaving Kemper to give his attention to still newer points. In 1859, however, shortly before his seventieth birthday, he resigned as Missionary Bishop, keeping only the care of Wisconsin. He made to the General Convention a report of his twenty-four years of labor, in the course of which he had travelled through Indiana, Missouri, Wisconsin, Iowa, and Minnesota, and partly through Kansas and Nebraska. During that time six dioceses had been organized within his original territory.

The mission field now extended to the Rocky Mountains, and Bishop Joseph C. Talbot, to whom it was entrusted, used laughingly to call himself the "Bishop of All Out-Doors."

For ten years more Bishop Kemper lived in Wisconsin, loved and respected by all classes. In spite of past hardships, his health was remarkable. In 1868, when nearly 79, he attended the General Convention in New York, and the following year presided over that of his own diocese.

His peaceful death at 80 was a fitting close to a long and useful life, and the name of Jackson Kemper will always be held in grateful remembrance by the Church in the Middle West.

Helping Hiawatha's People

HENRY BENJAMIN WHIPPLE.

1822-1901.

Henry Benjamin Whipple was chosen as the first Bishop of Minnesota in 1859, a year after that state had been admitted to the Union, and when it contained many more Indians than it has now, and fewer white people. The white people did not all live in towns, but there were many lonely farm houses and little villages scattered over the miles of prairie. Every year Bishop Whipple drove thousands of miles over these prairie roads to visit his people. He had a pair of horses, one of which, named Bashaw, was very intelligent and often saved his master's life when he was lost in the prairie storms.

Sometimes he had to drive twenty or thirty miles to hold a service, baptize a child, or to visit a sick person. He wrote a book about his work and in it he tells about starting one day to visit an Indian mission. A man advised him not to go because there was a snow storm coming on, and he would have to drive twenty-three miles without passing a house. But the Bishop said, "I have told the Indians that I would come. If I am not there they will think I do not tell the truth. I can tell the road by the grass which grows beside it." So he put plenty of fur robes into his sleigh, wrapped up warmly, and started. After a time the snow began to fall and the road was covered. He found that the grass had been burned over so there was nothing to guide him. He got off the beaten track and could not find it in the blinding snow. Then he put the reins over the dashboard, said his prayers, and covered himself up under the robes to keep from freezing.

Torchbearers on the King's Highway.

He let the horses go as they would, and after a while they stopped short. The Bishop jumped out and found that Bashaw had struck an Indian foot path which was worn deep in the prairie. By following this he at length reached the shelter of the mission in safety.

If you have read about Hiawatha, you may remember that Bishop Whipple's Indians lived "in the land of the Ojibways" and of the Dacotahs or Sioux. These tribes fought with each other, as well as with the white settlers, and so there were soldiers at Fort Snelling to keep them in order. The Bishop used to preach to the soldiers and they counted him as their good friend. He wrote many letters to the President and law-makers at Washington, and went there himself to plead with the Government to be just to the Indians. He also tried to teach the Indians to keep the white man's laws and do no harm to the soldiers or the settlers. The Indians trusted him because they said he was their friend and "did not have a forked tongue." By this they meant that he always told them the truth.

One of his helpers was an Ojibway clergyman named Enmegahbowh, who was a faithful missionary for forty years. He was a remarkable man, and many interesting stories are told about him.

Bishop Whipple started a school for boys, one for girls, and one for Indians, near his Cathedral at Faribault.

One Sunday he saw a little Indian boy about ten years old sitting on the chancel steps. The boy had a painted face and was wrapped in a blanket, but he was listening very attentively to the service. The Bishop talked with him and sent him to the school, where he afterward baptized him George Whipple St. Clair. When this boy grew up he became the first Sioux clergyman in Minnesota.

Torchbearers on the King's Highway.

As the Indians became Christians, built themselves houses, and tried to live more like white people, one of the missionaries, Miss Sibyl Carter, began to teach the women to make lace, that they might learn to support themselves. These lace schools have been a great help to the work.

Bishop Whipple was ever the friend of the Indians and tried to defend them from those who tried to cheat them. As he grew older he sometimes had to stop work and go away for a rest; but wherever he went he was not ashamed of his Indian friends and he never was too tired or too far away to stand up for them. He was Bishop of Minnesota for forty-two years.

Athlete and Bishop

PETER TRIMBLE ROWE.

BORN 1856.

When the Church decided, in 1895, to send a Bishop to Alaska, they chose a man who had already shown that he knew how to "endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." His first work had been among the Ojibway Indians along the northern shore of Lake Huron. These Indians lived long distances apart and in winter he made the journey from village to village on snow-shoes, often camping in the snow at night.

He was their good friend, helping them in many ways and showing them how to serve God.

Later he went to live at Sault Ste Marie, or, as the people say, "the Soo," and there he went about the lumber camps, just as he had gone to the Indian villages, to help and teach and comfort the men who needed him. The lumbermen all loved and respected him, for he could use an axe or steer a boat with the best of them, and he was always brave and kind.

His name was Peter Trimble Rowe, and when he was elected first Bishop of Alaska, one of his friends said: "He is going to about the hardest field to which the Church can send him, but he has earned the privilege of hard work."

The Alaska Indians, like the Ojibways on Lake Huron, soon learned to know and trust and love the tall, strong man who came to help and advise them and to be their Father in God.

As one of them said one day: "Indian not know what to do. Wait Bishop Rowe. He tell something. What he say, Indian do. Bishop own all river."

Torchbearers on the King's Highway.

He had not been there very long when some white men came to Alaska and found gold mines there. Very soon crowds of people came on every steamer to dig for gold. Mining camps quickly grew into rough towns and men seemed to forget God, who had made the gold and given them strength to find it.

The cold and the snow and darkness and lack of good food and the hard work often made the men very ill, so the Bishop wrote for money to build churches and hospitals, and for ministers, doctors, and nurses to work in them.

He travelled about from camp to camp, sometimes by boat or canoe, sometimes on snow-shoes with his dog team and his loaded sledge, often spending several days "on the trail." Once he went up a river on the ice with a pack of howling wolves racing with him on the shore.

He is still brave and strong and kind, and the miners love and respect him, just as the "Soo" lumbermen did. They believe what he says, for they have found that he knows and does many things better than they.

Two stories will show what some of these things were:

Once, in winter, when the Bishop was far up on the Yukon, he heard news that made him sure that Valdez would grow into a large town and the Church ought to get there first.

But Valdez, on the coast, was hundreds of miles away across the mountains. The weather was bad and the trail was worse. His friends said, "You will never reach the coast alive." In spite of this he started, but in a few days the man he took with him grew so tired that the Bishop sent him back, and found an Indian to take his place. The travelling was so hard that soon the Indian had to give up. The Bishop found a shelter for him and went on alone.

Torchbearers on the King's Highway.

Then he met a party of Indians with no food. He gave them most of his provisions and hurried on, for he had kept only enough for a few meals. The next day he thought he saw a man far ahead, sitting in the snow, warming his hands over a fire; but when he came nearer he saw that the fire was out and the man was frozen to death.

His provisions gave out, and by the time he reached Valdez, almost worn out, he had had nothing to eat for a day and a half. He had done what everyone considered impossible, and the Church had a chance to grow with the town.

This is the other story. Years ago, when the rush into the Klondike was beginning, the Bishop walked over the mountain pass and overtook a great many miners building small boats while they waited for the ice on the river to melt and float them down to the gold country. They liked the Bishop, and offered to help him with his boat after they had finished their own. But he cut down trees, sawed them into boards, nailed them together, finished his boat first, and was ready to help them with theirs. When the ice broke up the rapids were so dangerous that unless the boats could be steered in just the right channel, they would be wrecked. One of the men had been down the channel, but they asked the Bishop to pick out the way. The other boats followed his and he led them safely down the river.

In ways like this he has kept on doing hard work and brave work with the miners, but also doing good work and helpful work for everybody.

One other story, to show that he is the children's Bishop, too. There are not many white children in Alaska, but a good many Indian ones, and some of these are being taught in our mission schools. One summer the Bishop

Torchbearers on the King's Highway.

was drifting down the Yukon on a scow loaded with lumber and supplies. With him were three little Indian children whom he was taking to the school at Anvik. A fierce storm came up and the scow was driven ashore. He said that the children got very wet and cold, but they made no complaint, only crept close to him and looking into his face said the two Indian words which mean "My father!"

In 1907 the Church elected him Bishop of Western Colorado, hoping the climate might be less hard for him, but he refused to leave his people in Alaska while he had strength to go on with his work.

All this work and travelling and building and nursing and teaching take a great deal of money, and Bishop Rowe needs all that we can send him; but more than all else he needs men—strong, fearless, kind men like himself, who are ready to say, "Here am I, send me."

A Bright Lad in a Dark Land

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

1813-1873.

When your grandfathers went to school and studied geography, their maps of Africa did not look like yours, for there was a great space of plain color, marked "unexplored territory," which meant that no white man had ever travelled through it, and that people knew nothing about it, except that there were jungles and forests, with tribes of wild black men and many fierce animals. On the coast were white people who lived in towns, and among them were missionaries who tried to reach some of these wild men and tell them about God and His love for them. One of these missionaries, Mr. Moffatt, went to England for a visit, and while there he met a young Scotchman named David Livingstone. You must remember this name, for it is a very famous one.

David Livingstone was a poor boy and had to leave school to go to work when he was very young; but he kept up his studies just the same until he knew a great deal.

You know what is meant by the missionary spirit, the desire of a loving heart to carry the missionary message, and tell our heathen brothers and sisters that they are God's dear children and have a right to share our blessings.

This young man had that missionary spirit very strongly, and when he heard Mr. Moffatt say that one could see in the morning sun the smoke of a thousand villages where no missionary had ever been, he decided to give his life to those black people. It took him a good while to get ready, for he first studied medicine that he might help

Torchbearers on the King's Highway.

their bodies as well as their souls. He also had to carry with him food, cloth, and all sorts of supplies, besides calico and beads, with which to trade with the natives. The story of his life after he landed in Africa is one of the most interesting stories of adventure, and it would take many hours to tell half the brave and wonderful things he did. I can hint at a few of them only, such as his rescuing a little girl who was being carried off as a slave; or his cutting a way through the dense jungle with his hands scratched and bleeding; or his fight with the lion that bit his arm until the bone snapped, and would have killed him but for one of the native young men he had trained, who shot the fierce beast just in time. Long afterwards some one asked him what he thought when the lion jumped upon him. He smiled and said, "I wondered what part of me he would eat first."

He landed in Cape Town, in South Africa, and worked his way north, making friends with the natives, preparing maps and reports of this unknown country to send home, and, as he said, making a way for other missionaries to follow. After awhile he took some men of a friendly tribe with him to the West Coast, promising their chief to bring them safely back.

His wife and children were then in England, and he knew that he could get no letter from them in many weeks; that he should see no white people on the way, and that he might never reach his journey's end; but he felt that he must open a pathway across the continent. For seven months Livingstone and his black followers pushed on. Thirty times he was ill with fever, and many times they were hungry; but at last they reached the town of St. Paul de Loando, poor, ragged, and nearly starved. There the

Torchbearers on the King's Highway.

brave leader found friendly Englishmen to care for him. One gave him clothes and another took him home and put him into his own bed. Livingstone said that he could never forget how good that bed felt after sleeping on the ground so long.

He had been hoping for news from England, but found no letters waiting for him. You may imagine, when he saw an English ship ready to sail, and was offered a free passage in it, how much he wanted to go. But there was his promise to the black chief to bring his men safe home. They trusted him and he must keep his word. So he gave his maps and reports to the captain and watched the vessel sail away without him. The vessel was wrecked on the way to England and all his valuable papers were lost. This delayed him for several weeks, for they had all to be written over again.

When they were finished, he started back for the East Coast, and it took him two years to get there. The natives along the way learned to feel affection and gratitude for the kindly, gentle teacher, who spoke words of peace and good-will, and was always ready to turn aside to help them if they were sick or in trouble. One night he walked ten miles through the tangled woods to help a man who had been terribly torn by a rhinoceros. By the time he reached the coast he was the best loved man in Africa, and later travellers have told how the mention of the name of Livingstone always brought a friendly smile to the dark faces.

He made two visits to England and wrote a book about his travels, in order to get people to help his work. His great desire was to see the slave trade stopped, and he wrote and talked and worked for it until he died.

Torchbearers on the King's Highway.

After his second visit he went so far into the interior of Africa that no news came from him for three years. An American, named Henry M. Stanley, went with a whole caravan of supplies to look for him. After a search of nearly a year, he heard that a white man had been seen some miles further on, and he knew that he had found Livingstone at last.

Meanwhile Livingstone had come back to the place where he had left his supplies. He was even more ragged and starved and ill than he had been on the West Coast, and hastened to get clothes and food and medicines. I am sure that even his brave heart must have sunk when he found that everything had been stolen. What was he to do now?

Then he heard drums beating and men shouting, and presently he saw flags flying, and Stanley walking up to him with uncovered head and hand stretched out to greet him.

Stanley had all the things he needed, and I like to think of what it meant to the lonely explorer to hear what was going on in the world, and to read his home letters, and enjoy the companionship of a man of his own race.

Stanley stayed with him for several months and became greatly interested in his work. He tried to persuade the brave old man to go back with him, but he refused to leave. In Stanley's book we read of their parting, how Stanley looked back and waved his handkerchief and how Livingstone lifted his cap in farewell, and turning, went slowly back to his lonely hut.

He never saw a white man again, but lived and worked a year longer for the black people whom he loved, growing

Torchbearers on the King's Highway.

all the time weaker and more ill, until one morning they found him dead, on his knees, in his little hut.

And now comes a wonderful proof of their love. They wanted his body to go back to his own people, so they took out his heart and buried it under a tree, then dried the body in the sun, wrapped it in cloth, hung it on poles, and carried it on their shoulders to Zanzibar, a journey of nine months. From there a ship carried it to England, where it rests in Westminster Abbey, among England's greatest men.

His discoveries have made his name famous as an explorer, but we must remember that the motive for all his great work was his desire to spread the light of the Gospel on the dark continent of Africa.

Buying a Road with his Life

JAMES HANNINGTON.

1847-1885.

James Hannington was an Englishman whose name is on the list of noble missionary martyrs. Though his life was short, he accomplished much in clearing the way for those who came after him, as well as by showing the world how brave and strong a soldier of the Cross can be.

As a boy he was full of fun and always in some mischief. But he was at the same time truthful and brave, a boy to be trusted. Therefore, it is not strange that he was a great favorite with his teachers as well as with the other boys. He travelled about Europe a great deal with his parents and made collections of interesting things which he found. This gave him a taste for exploring.

After he grew up he became a clergyman, and served in two parishes, where he did much to help the poor people. In the first he was curate, but the second, where he had charge of the parish, was in his own home village.

After he had been there several years he began to think a good deal about missions, and as he read about Livingstone and Mackay and other people working in Africa, he at last decided to offer himself for the work. His family and his parish felt very sad about letting him go, so he volunteered for only five years. It was hard for him to say good-bye, especially to his wife and little children, but he started bravely off.

He reached the coast of Africa in June, 1882, and at once set about preparing a caravan for his journey to Lake Nyanza. This journey was a terrible one, for the climate gives one fever, and the savages along the route demand

Torchbearers on the King's Highway.

payment in beads, cloth, mirrors, or other trinkets for everything they furnish, either food or labor. Sometimes the party had to go two or three days without water, and often they were very hungry.

He was such a brave and skilful hunter, often shooting a lion or a rhinoceros or a hippopotamus, that the people admired and feared him. He was at the same time so kind and gentle that even the little boy who was his servant loved him. In one place the native women showed him honor by dancing before him, and he returned the compliment by showing them an English doll and its garments, which he took off for them to see. This pleased the women very much.

It was seven long and painful months before they reached Lake Nyanza, for the dreadful African fever exhausted their strength, wild beasts and warlike natives opposed their progress, and once for many days a serious illness threatened Hannington's life. On much of the way he was too ill to walk, but even when he had to be carried, he pushed on with great courage.

Christmas Day found them sheltered from the rains of the wet season in huts which they had been obliged to build, with mosquitoes swarming and lions roaring about them, deserted by many of their native porters, short of supplies, and weak with fever. That day he wrote in his diary: "Gordon very ill in bed. Ashe and Wise tottering out of fever-beds. I myself just about to totter in again. In spite of our poor condition, we determined to have our Christmas cheer. We had a happy celebration of the Holy Communion, and thought much of the dear ones at home, praying for us and wishing us true Christmas joy."

Meantime, Mr. Ashe had written to the Missionary

Torchbearers on the King's Highway.

Society that if Hannington should be still living by the time they received the letter, he ought to be recalled, as he was too ill to remain. So after they reached Masalala the brave leader gave up the command to Mr. Ashe, and, saddened by the sense of failure, started on the long and painful journey to the coast. His body was so swollen and tortured by rheumatism that every movement was painful, and as he had to be carried in a hammock by porters over rough ground, often through unfriendly tribes, it seemed doubtful if he would live to reach Zanzibar. Indeed he was twice left on the roadside for dead, but revived and started on again.

He did reach home safely, however, and settled into his old place in his parish as though he had never left it, gradually regaining his health, until at the end of a year he was once more quite well. At that time it was decided to consecrate a Bishop for Eastern Equatorial Africa, and all agreed that James Hannington was the best man for the work.

Starting for Africa immediately after his consecration, he stopped on the way to visit the Church in Jerusalem, and on reaching Frere Town, he began at once to look over all the mission stations to learn how he could best help the missionaries in their work.

At one time he conducted a relief party across the desert for two hundred miles, to a mission station where the people were starving. He found the land barren and unfit to live upon, and moved the whole station to a better place. He started to join Mackay at Uganda and decided to try to make a northern road which was shorter and much more free from fever. He had not heard that the king of Uganda had given orders than any white man coming into

Torchbearers on the King's Highway.

that country from the north, which they called the back door, was to be arrested and killed. Hannington, however, realizing that there might be some danger, left most of his party in camp and pushed on with only fifty men.

From his diary, which was recovered and sent to his people, we learn what happened in those last days, of the difficulty in getting food, of their being taken as prisoners and kept in separate huts, and of their cruel sufferings during the week of torture. The men who escaped told the end of the story, how they heard him say, "I am about to die for the natives, but I have purchased the road with my life, and I commend my soul to God," and how he was speared to death, together with thirteen of his men. This was in October, 1885, and it was the following January before the news reached England.

The early death of this martyr Bishop was a sad loss to the Missionary Society, but his bravery, high courage, and kindness have been an inspiration to many people, and the work for which he gave his life has gone on with wonderful success.

The White Man of Work

ALEXANDER M. MACKAY.

1849-1890.

While Livingstone was doing his splendid work in Africa, a boy was growing up in England who was by and by to take a place in the line of great missionaries. This boy was Alexander M. Mackay, the son of a minister, who taught his boy much about geography, and often stopped, when they went for a walk together, to draw maps for him upon the ground.

The boy specially delighted in machinery, and often spent his holidays visiting the foundry or looking over the locomotives on a neighboring railway. When he grew up he became a mechanical engineer, studying surveying, chemistry, and geology, besides inventing an agricultural machine which took a prize at an exhibition.

Always fond of reading about heroes, the life of Bishop Patteson gave him much to think about. Soon after he read in a Church paper a letter which Stanley had sent from Africa, telling about a native king who had asked for a missionary to come and teach his people. Mackay said to himself, "We hear of medical missionaries and missionary teachers; why cannot I be an engineering missionary and go to Africa to teach the people how to make roads and use machinery, as well as to know and serve God?" That very night he wrote and offered himself to the English Church Missionary Society, and was appointed as an industrial missionary to Africa.

And now for his outfit. Just think of all the things he needed to take—clothes and food for his party for at least two years, all kinds of tools and machinery, nails,

Torchbearers on the King's Highway.

screws, medicines, a printing press and type, paper, and last of all a small steamboat and engine, which could be carried in sections and put together when they reached the end of the journey.

In 1876 he sailed from England, with seven other missionaries; but it was two years later when he at last saw the waters of Lake Nyanza, and those two years were full of exciting adventure. Two of his party, who had gone ahead with his outfit, had been murdered by natives, and he was obliged to go alone to talk to the chief about it. When he reached the place, he found his things in a confused heap, and had to sort them out before he could even put his engine together. After ten days of hard work they got the boat ready and then, after sailing four days, she was wrecked and had to be made over, a task which took eight weeks to accomplish.

The natives were much interested in his work and tools, and thought him a wonderful man. His grindstone especially interested them, as did also the cart that he made and painted red, white, and blue. When he dug a well, and they saw him draw up water from it, they could scarcely believe their eyes, and when later he set up his printing press and taught them to read, they said he charmed the paper so it could talk. They called him the "White Man of Work," because he was always so busy.

He taught them about God also, and urged them to give up their heathen ways. The people, for example, all wore charms to keep them from harm. Mackay taught them, by an object lesson, that it was God alone who could do this. He bought one of the charms and showed it to them. Then he held a burning glass over it until it took fire and burned up. "See," said he, "this charm has no

Torchbearers on the King's Highway.

power. It cannot keep itself from harm; how, then, can it protect you?"

After a time the native king died, and his son, who was a hard man and cruel, persecuted the missionaries and the native Christians and put many of the latter to death. Most of Mackay's pupils remained faithful, even through these hard times, but after facing peril bravely for a long time, Mackay himself was finally forced, by order of the king, to leave Uganda.

After wandering about for a time he found a friendly chief and began his work again, teaching, translating, printing, bookbinding, building, and doctoring. Stanley visited him and urged him to return with him to England; but, like Livingstone, Mackay refused to leave his post.

Fourteen years this brave man gave to Africa, years full of labor, of many hardships, and frequent discouragements, and then he died of fever. The native boys, who were his Christian pupils, stood about his grave, together with his fellow-missionary, who tried to read the Burial Office, and when the voice of the reader failed and broke, the boys finished the service by singing in the native tongue, "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name." The people loved him, the missionaries who worked with him loved him, and Stanley gave him high praise when he called him the "best missionary since Livingstone."

The Master of the "Southern Cross"

JOHN COLERIDGE PATTESON.

1827-1871.

Away off on the other side of the world you will find, if you will look at the map of Australia, a very large island called New Zealand, and, north of it, a number of smaller ones. Fifty years ago the people who lived on these small islands belonged to savage tribes who often went to war with each other. A good and brave Englishman, named Selwyn, was Bishop of New Zealand, and he tried to carry the Gospel to these savage tribes also. Sometimes he went to England to ask for men and money to help in this work. On one of these visits the story of his mission fired the heart of a boy of fourteen who was listening, and who went home and told his mother that it was "the one grand wish of his heart to go with the Bishop."

We must stop and get acquainted with that boy, for he is well worth knowing. The son of a judge, he had been brought up in a home of luxury and culture, with the finest training of an English gentleman. He was big and strong and brave and full of fun, so that he was a great favorite with the boys at school. They made him captain of their cricket team, and he could swim and row a boat with the best of them. He seems to have had great influence with them, too, for the story is told that once when some boys were singing a vulgar song he made them stop, and threatened to leave the cricket team unless they apologized, which they made haste to do.

This boy was John Coleridge Patteson, whose name you will often hear when people are talking of heroes.

Torchbearers on the King's Highway.

Mrs. Patteson had told him that if when he became a man he should still wish to join Bishop Selwyn, she would give him her blessing; but that good and loving mother did not live to see her boy grow up, though her influence doubtless had much to do with his character.

He became a clergyman, and, since his father was growing somewhat feeble, he decided to settle in a parish near his home.

After he had been there a year, however, Bishop Selwyn came again to plead for aid for his island mission, and again the young man's heart responded to the call. After much earnest thought and many long talks with the Bishop, he decided to give himself to the work, provided his father gave his consent. The father must have been a good deal of a hero himself, for though at first he said, "I cannot let him go!" his second thought was, "I may not live long, and it is selfish to keep him." So it was settled, much to the grief of his parish and his friends, and when Bishop Selwyn sailed for New Zealand, Coleridge Patteson sailed with him.

It was a long voyage, but the time was not wasted, for the young missionary learned the Maori language, so that he was able to preach to the natives. He also learned from the captain how to sail a ship. This was a great help to him later, because he used a mission vessel, named the "Southern Cross," to go from island to island, visiting the native tribes.

Think of these two missionaries, Bishop Selwyn and Coleridge Patteson, sailing up to a strange island, and when they had come as close to shore as they could, taking off their coats, and with their gifts for the chief fastened safely upon their backs, plunging into the surf to swim ashore.

Torchbearers on the King's Highway.

One can fancy them rubbing noses with the chief, after the native fashion, presenting their gifts, and after making friends, offering to take some of the native boys to be taught in the Bishop's school.

When the school term was over the mission boat would come sailing back to the island, bringing the boys home again, all eager to tell their people the wonderful new things which had been taught them.

For five years young Patteson worked on under Bishop Selwyn, until it came about that the islands needed a Bishop's entire care, when they were made into a diocese by themselves, and called Melanesia, with Patteson as the first Bishop. He started a school of his own and fairly lived among his boys, who loved him dearly. He wrote that he often slept on a cocoa mat with his coat rolled up for a pillow, and with forty or fifty boys around him. One day a schoolboy fell ill and died, in spite of the Bishop's care and nursing. He belonged to an island where Bishop Patteson did not know the language very well, but like the brave man he was, the Bishop went there just the same, to carry the sad news. He had to tell the story partly by signs, so he took a child who stood near, and laying him on the ground, kissed him to express his love. Next he gasped and closed his eyes to show the boy's illness and death, and then wept over the child that they might see how sorry he was. At first they seemed angry, but when they saw his tears, they said: "You did all you could, Bishop; it is well!"

Realizing the need of Christian homes, he took some girls and started a school to train them into wives for his young men. The work grew and prospered and his boys became missionaries themselves on their several islands.

Torchbearers on the King's Highway.

Ten years he carried on his noble work, and then a dreadful thing happened. He had been hearing about some white men who had come to the islands in ships, pretending to be friends, and sometimes even saying the Bishop had sent them. They had enticed the natives on board, then shut them up and sailed off with them to the English settlements, where they needed more laborers than they could get. The "snatch-snatch" vessels, as they were called, had taken five men from the island of Nukapu, though Patteson and his friends did not know it. The poor, ignorant natives did not realize that there was any difference between good white men and wicked ones. They thought a white man was a white man; that what one did they all did, and naturally did not feel friendly to any of them. However, Bishop Patteson had many times looked fearlessly into the face of a man who was aiming an arrow at him, and by his very courage had saved his own life; and so he went bravely to Nukapu on the "Southern Cross" with several of his devoted young men.

As they neared the shore, he got into the ship's boat with some of the young men, and when they came to a reef which they could not cross, some natives came out in a canoe, took the Bishop and carried him on shore. As his men rowed back to the ship a shower of poisoned arrows struck them, and they began to fear treachery. For several hours they watched anxiously for the Bishop, until in the afternoon they saw two canoes start out, and soon they saw one canoe cast off the other and go back. In the one drifting toward them was something covered with a mat. At first they thought someone was hiding under the mat to shoot them; then they saw the Bishop's boots. As

Torchbearers on the King's Highway.

the canoe reached them they lifted its burden, all rolled in matting, up to the deck, and turned back the covering.

There lay the body of their dear friend, his calm, still face smiling up at them. On the body were five wounds, and over the breast lay a big palm leaf with five knots tied in it. This made it seem certain that the deed was to avenge the five men who had been carried off.

Gently and reverently his boys prepared for his burial in the sea, and the solemn words of the Burial Office were read over him by one of them, who knew even as he read the words that he was himself dying from the poison of the arrows, yet was glad that almost with his last breath he could do the last thing possible for the man they loved so well.

The Machinery of Missions

The story of missions really begins with the day when our Lord, just before He was taken from their sight, gave to His disciples His last commission. As we read the closing verses of S. Matthew's Gospel, let us look for three points in regard to that commission: its authority, its extent as to time and distance, and its equipment.

"And Jesus spake unto them, saying, 'All power is given unto me in heaven and earth. Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations . . . and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.'"

If we trace the principal links in the chain which connects the present work of our own branch of the great Church Catholic with that group of disciples gathered in Jerusalem, we find—

The Apostolic Church in Jerusalem, A. D. 30.

S. John and S. Paul in Ephesus, A. D. 50 to 100.

S. Irenaeus in Gaul, A. D. 177.

The missionary who first carried the Gospel to Britain is unknown, but we find a church there in A. D. 200, and cherish the name of St. Alban as the first British Christian martyr.

When the English came to Jamestown in 1607, the Rev. Robert Hunt came with them to hold the first permanent Church services in the new world.

Bishop Kemper went out into his great Western field in 1835, and the same year our Church in America began its work in foreign lands.

Our own ideal of a missionary society is this: that it is identical with the Church, and that each member of the Church has become, by virtue of his baptism, a member of

Torchbearers on the King's Highway.

the Missionary Society as well. But as this Society must be a legal corporation in order to hold and administer property and funds, its title in law is "The Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America."

It has a legislative body, the Board of Missions, which is virtually the legislative body of the Church, the General Convention. At the Triennial Meetings of the General Convention certain days are set apart on which the Convention sits as the Board of Missions.

But the business of missions cannot wait three years for the Convention, and so a Board of Managers is elected by that body and consists of the Presiding Bishop and fifteen other Bishops, fifteen priests, and fifteen laymen. This Board of Managers meets in New York on the second Tuesday of each month. It receives and disburses all money, makes appropriation for the different fields, appoints foreign missionaries, and confirms appointments in domestic fields.

The *Spirit of Missions* is a monthly magazine published by the Board, containing interesting accounts of the work in various parts of the world. The Board also publishes the *Young Christian Soldier*, and numerous leaflets.

The headquarters of the Board are at the Church Missions House on Fourth Avenue, New York. This building deserves a word in passing. It was built, not out of funds given for mission work, but by special gifts made for that specific purpose amounting to \$400,000. Sufficient space is rented for stores and offices to provide for all running expenses, and leave a balance of several thousand dollars each year. In this busy place a corps of bookkeepers and clerks keeps all the vast business of the Board in the most

Torchbearers on the King's Highway.

up-to-date order, and two facts speak volumes for the efficiency of their methods. One is that it costs only about 6 cents out of every dollar for administration expenses, and the other, that the credit of the Board is as good in any part of the world as that of any banking house.

Here are also the offices of the Treasurer and General Secretary, and the Associate, Corresponding, and Educational Secretaries.

In the Chapel are held special services of farewell for departing missionaries, and also the daily noon-day prayers for missions.

Here, also, are represented the helpers of the Board, the Woman's Auxiliary, a mighty organization, with branches in all our dioceses and missionary districts, which contributes many thousands a year to the work; its Junior Department, which is intended to be the great feeder to the older Society, and the Sunday School Auxiliary, composed of all the Schools contributing to the great Lenten offering.

By applying to the Church Missions House, one may obtain leaflets and other publications of the Board, giving information as to the various fields of work.

Machinery of Missions

And Jesus spake unto them saying, "All power is given unto me in Heaven and in Earth; go ye, therefore, and teach all nations . . . and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world" (St. Matt. 28:19, 20).

The Commission Go Ye	Authority	{ All power is given unto me in Heaven and in Earth
	Extent as to distance and time	{ All Nations Unto the end of the World
	Equipment	{ I am with you alway
The Missionary Message was Carried	{ In Jerusalem, A.D. 30, by the Apostles	
	{ To Ephesus, A.D. 100, by St. John and St. Paul	
	{ To Gaul, A.D. 177, by St. Irenaeus	
	{ To Britain, A.D. 200, by some missionary unknown	
	{ To Virginia, A.D. 1607, by Robert Hunt	
	{ To the great Northwest, A.D. 1835, by Bishop Kemper	

THE MISSIONARY ORGANIZATION OF OUR OWN CHURCH.

The Missionary Society is the Church and Every Baptized Person is a Member	{ Legal title for holding and ad- ministering property		{ The Domestic and Foreign Mis- sionary Society of the Protes- tant Episcopal Church in the United States of America.	
	Legis- lative Body	{ General Conven- tion	{ All the Bishops, and clerical and lay deputies from each diocese and missionary district.	
	Execu- tive Body	{ Board of Mis- sions	{ Presiding Bishop 15 other Bishops 15 priests 15 laymen	{ Meets in New York each month at the expense of members
	Other Officers	{ General Secretary, Treasurer, Associate Secretary, Corresponding Secretary, and Educational Secretary		
	Head- quarters	{ The Church Missions House, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York City		
	Adminis- tration Expenses	{ About 6 per cent of money contributed		
	Helpers	{ American Church Missionary Society Woman's Auxillary and its Junior Department The Sunday School Auxillary		

Appendix A

TOPICS FOR REVIEW.

ROBERT HUNT.

DIED IN 1610.

The three ships, and where they were going.

Two of the men on board.

Why Rev. Robert Hunt joined the party, and what kind of man he was.

What were the first things they did in their new home?

How Pocahontas became their friend.

The "Starving Time."

SAMUEL ADJAI CROWTHER.

1808-1891.

African village where little Adjai lived.

The sad thing that happened to the family.

The rescue from the slave ship.

His school days, and his desire to help his people.

Finding his mother.

His good work as a missionary.

His consecration as first Bishop of the Niger.

WILLIAM JONES BOONE.

1811-1864.

His desire to go to China and his preparation for his work.

Difficulties in his way.

His appointment as Bishop of China.

Wong, the Chinese lad.

Trials of the missionaries.

Bishop Boone's death.

Torchbearers on the King's Highway.

SAMUEL ISAAC JOSEPH SCHERESCHEWSKY.
1831-1906.

His boyhood and youth.
His education for a rabbi.
His becoming a Christian, and coming to America.
His work in China under Bishop Boone.
His translation of the Bible into Mandarin Chinese.
How he became Bishop of China.
St. John's College, Shanghai.
Why he resigned, but kept on as a missionary.
His Wenli translation of the Bible.

JACKSON KEMPER.
1789-1870.

His early life.
Condition of this country when his work began.
His missionary journeys.
His work as Missionary Bishop, and its hardships.
Size of his jurisdiction, and the six dioceses formed
from it.
His resignation at the age of seventy.
The last ten years of his life as Bishop of Wisconsin.

HENRY BENJAMIN WHIPPLE.
1822-1901.

First Bishop of Minnesota.
Drives over the prairies to visit his people.
Help for the Indians from government.
Tried to get Indians to keep the laws.
The man who "did not have a forked tongue."
Enmegahbowh.
His schools and his Indian pupils.
The boy in a blanket.
The lace schools.

Torchbearers on the King's Highway.

PETER TRIMBLE ROWE.

BORN 1856.

Preparation for Alaska.
Why the miners needed him.
Why the Indians needed him.
Why they respect and love him.
Why the Bishop stays in Alaska.
What the Bishop needs.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

1813-1873.

The boy Livingstone and what he learned about Africa.
His preparation and supplies.
His adventures and brave deeds.
His journey to the West Coast.
His journey back to the East Coast.
Stanley's visit and its cause.
Livingstone's death and what the natives did.

JAMES HANNINGTON.

1847-1885.

Hannington as a boy.
His work in his parish and why he left it.
His journey to Lake Nyanza.
His illness and return to England.
His second journey to Africa after he became Bishop of
 Eastern Equatorial Africa.
How he met death bravely.

ALEXANDER M. MACKAY.

1849-1890.

Mackay's tastes when a boy.
What he did when he was a man.

Torchbearers on the King's Highway.

Stanley's letter and what he did about it.

His outfit, adventures, and work.

Persecution under the new king.

His death and burial.

What Stanley said of him.

JOHN COLERIDGE PATTESON.

1827-1871.

Patteson's school days.

Bishop Selwyn's visit and what it led to.

The voyage to New Zealand.

How the missionaries made friends with the islanders.

What Patteson did after he became Bishop of Melanesia.

His death on the island of Nukapu and what his boys did
to show their love.

Appendix B

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

THE SUBJECT OF THE LESSONS AND THEIR PREPARATION.

Teachers are realizing more and more that children are taught by a concrete personality far better than by abstract facts and principles.

When a character in history or literature becomes a living person to the child's imagination, that person teaches his own lesson. If a boy can be made to *hear* Livingstone refusing the offer of a free passage to England because he had given his word to the native chief, no words are needed to teach the sacredness of a promise.

Between the ages of ten or twelve and sixteen, children's tastes lean to the heroic and they delight in tales of adventure and brave deeds. Once let them realize that missionary history contains this element, and the books in our libraries on missionary heroes will be as much in demand as those of Henty or Alger.

Unfortunately the number of such books for children is at present small, but it is growing. How can the Sunday School teachers and leaders of children's societies create a demand for the literature of missions?

Methods must, of course, vary with conditions; but a few suggestions may not come amiss to teachers to whom this sort of class will be a new departure.

Of course the most important point is to have the teacher's preparation as thorough as possible. Therefore, read all the reference books available. Your hero must be real to you if you are to make him real to your class. In this, as in all teaching, we need to know much more than we intend to tell to our pupils.

Torchbearers on the King's Highway.

Then decide on the three or four important facts which the children ought to remember, and be sure that they are well brought out—the name of the missionary, his field, kind of work; that is, whether translating, teaching, industrial, or simply preaching; and his motive or the special thing that influenced him.

For the rest, make him *real* from a child's point of view, remembering that the incidents, perhaps unimportant to us, which bring to the childish mind a real human boy are the ones that he remembers. For example, in one class, nearly every child mentioned the maps which Mackay's father drew for him on the ground (something on the plane of their own experience), while the spiritual influences which led up to his offer of himself for Africa would have meant little or nothing to them.

TEACHING THE LESSON.

A description of the method under which the present course has been worked out in the graded school of St. Stephen's Church, Lynn, Massachusetts, will furnish suggestions to rectors and Sunday School superintendents, and will also enable teachers dealing with single groups of children to select the form of teaching best adapted to the age of the children they teach.

In this Sunday School the subject of missions has a special teacher, who goes from grade to grade as a teacher of music or drawing does in the public schools. All the classes of one grade are brought together each half year, for two consecutive Sundays. The lesson is given in a fifteen-minute period at the beginning or end of the session. Sometimes the story is read to the children, enlarging a little on special points, but they usually give better

Torchbearers on the King's Highway.

and more interested attention when it is told without the book, and somewhat conversationally.

The stories are arranged according to the age of the children for whom they are more easily adapted, beginning with the youngest. The subject studied in local public schools, which would make a setting for the missionary story, was considered in this arrangement. The order can be re-arranged when necessary in order to take most advantage of the lessons given in the day school.

When the stories are told in consecutive weeks, the arrangement in order of simplicity still has advantages, but the chronological or the dramatic order can be adopted if desired.

REVIEWING THE PREVIOUS LESSON.

1. For Primary Class Reviews. Children 8 to 10 years. The story of the previous lesson was read or told with an introduction, telling what its main points would be and asking the children to listen and watch for them in the story.

2. For Reviewing the Main School. Children 10 to 16 years. Notebooks were used in which the pupils wrote the topics from dictation in the class session, in order that they might write the detailed story in their notebooks at home. Then, to interest the pupils in this home work, it was discussed with them in class. Supposing the lesson to have been on Mackay and the topics to have been already copied, the discussion would have been somewhat as follows:

"I want you to write this story for me at home, in these books. At the top of the page put Mackay's name and below it the dates of his birth and death. Leave a line and begin your story. If you cannot think what to write,

Torchbearers on the King's Highway.

look at your first topic—Mackay's tastes when a boy. What do you know about that? 'Oh, yes, I remember he liked geography, and his father talked with him about it. He was fond of machinery, etc., etc.' When you have written all you can about that, look at the next topic—his profession as a man. 'Oh, yes, he was a mechanical engineer, with a good position, and invented a machine.' Then the next one—Stanley's letter. 'Yes, I remember, Stanley asked for a teacher, etc., etc.'” And so on until the story has been entirely retold by the topics.

The children then take the notebooks home to write their version of it, returning them to the teacher for correction. And, by the way, this work of correcting is most illuminating, for by it one sees each incorrect impression given, each fact not clearly put, reflected as in a mirror. But one also sees—and this is compensation—how in some young heart nobleness has “enkindled nobleness.”

FOLLOWING UP IMPRESSIONS.

Before closing the lesson, the teacher suggests a book which will tell more about the hero in question, and tells them where to find it. See that such books are in your Sunday School library or your public reading room.

After the children have become interested in a man, it is easy to point out that Lenten money and birthday offerings are making them co-workers in the field in which he labored, or helping other heroes to become torch-bearers.

Appendix C

REFERENCE BOOKS FOR TEACHERS.

HUNT:

- Three Hundred Years of the Episcopal Church in America.*
Hodges. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia..... .25
Old Virginia and Her Neighbors. Fiske..... .

CROWTHER:

- Great Missionaries of the Church.* Creegan. Crowell
& Co.Cloth .75
Bishop Crowther. C. M. P. C..... .10
Samuel Crowther. Page. Revell & Co.50

WHIPPLE:

- Lights and Shadows of a Long Episcopate.* Whipple.
Macmillan & Co. 2.50
Servants of the King. Speer. Young People's Missionary
Movement. Paper, .35.....Cloth .50

ROWE:

- See Articles in the Church Papers and in the *Spirit of
Missions* and other Publications of the Domestic and
Foreign Missionary Society. New York City.....

BOONE:

- American Episcopal Church in China.* Richmond. Do-
mestic and Foreign Missionary Society. Paper. 50, cloth .75

SCHERESCHEWSKY:

- American Episcopal Church in China.* Richmond (as
above).
American Bible Society, Report for 1907. Bible House,
New York

LIVINGSTONE:

- Great Missionaries of the Church.* Creegan. Crowell & Co. .75
Modern Heroes of the Mission Field. Walsh. (Chapter
X.) Whittaker 1.00
Effective Workers in Needy Fields. Student Volunteer
Movement, New York. Paper .35.....Cloth .50

MACKAY:

- Great Missionaries of the Church.* Creegan. Crowell & Co. .75
Mackay of Uganda. By his Sister. Revell & Co..... 1.50

PATTESON:

- Modern Heroes of the Mission Field.* Walsh. (Chapter
XI.) Whittaker 1.00
A Modern Knight. Twitchell. Order through Domestic
and Foreign Missionary Society10

Ram

Torchbearers on the King's Highway.

HANNINGTON:

- James Hannington.* E. C. Dawson. Jacobs & Co..... 1.00
Bishop Hannington. C. M. P. C.....

KEMPER:

- An Apostle of the Western Church.* White. Whittaker 1.50
Three Hundred Years of the Episcopal Church in America
(as above)
Some American Churchmen. By F. C. Morehouse. The
Young Churchman Co., Milwaukee, Wis..... 1.00

Appendix D

SUPPLEMENTARY READING FOR CHILDREN.

LIVINGSTONE:

- The Story of David Livingstone.* Vautier Golding. Edited
by John Lang. E. P. Dutton & Co..... .50

MACKAY:

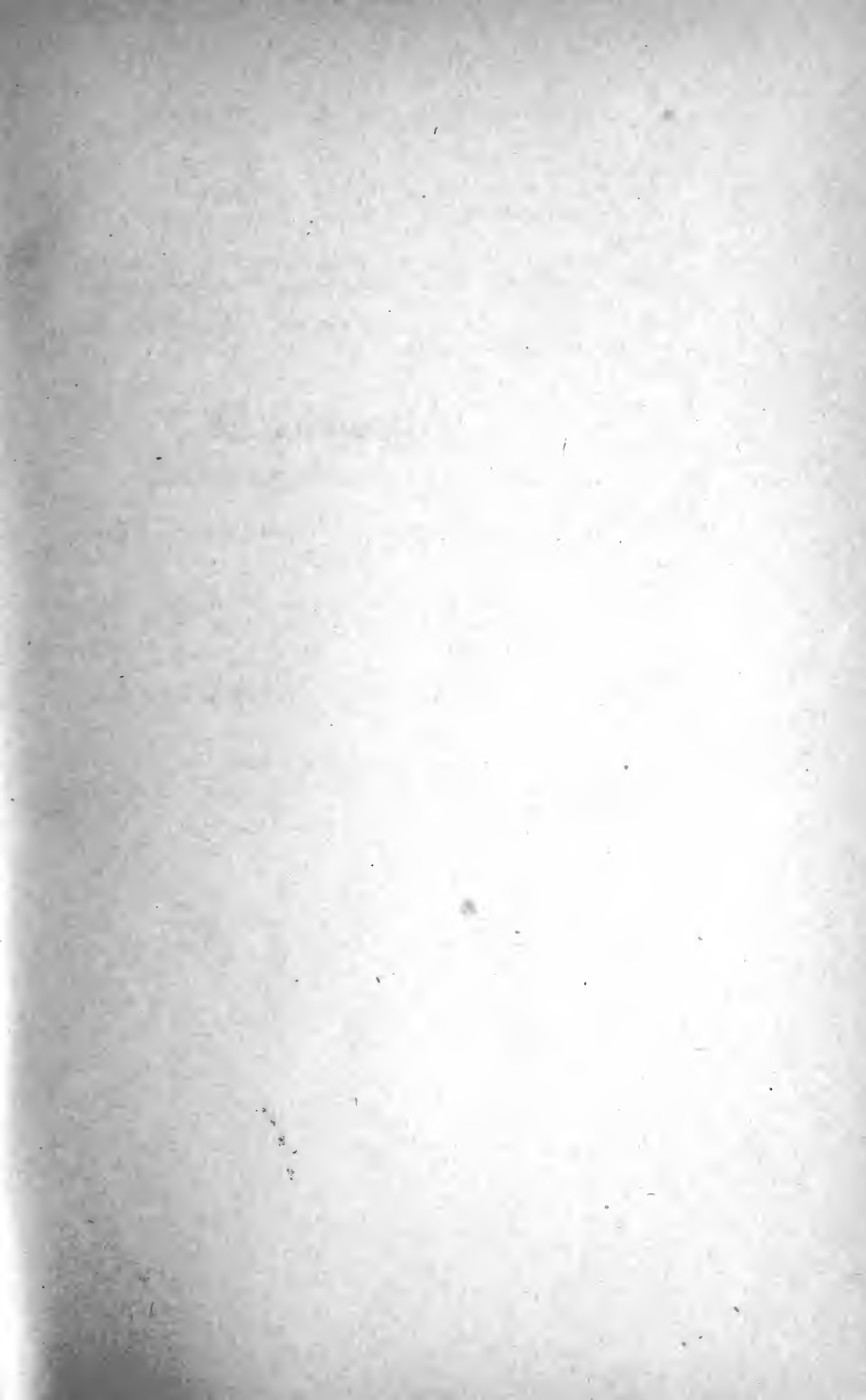
- Mackay of Uganda.* By his Sister. Armstrong. Cloth 1.00
Uganda's White Man of Work. Fahs. Y. P. M. M., New
York. Paper .35..... Cloth .50

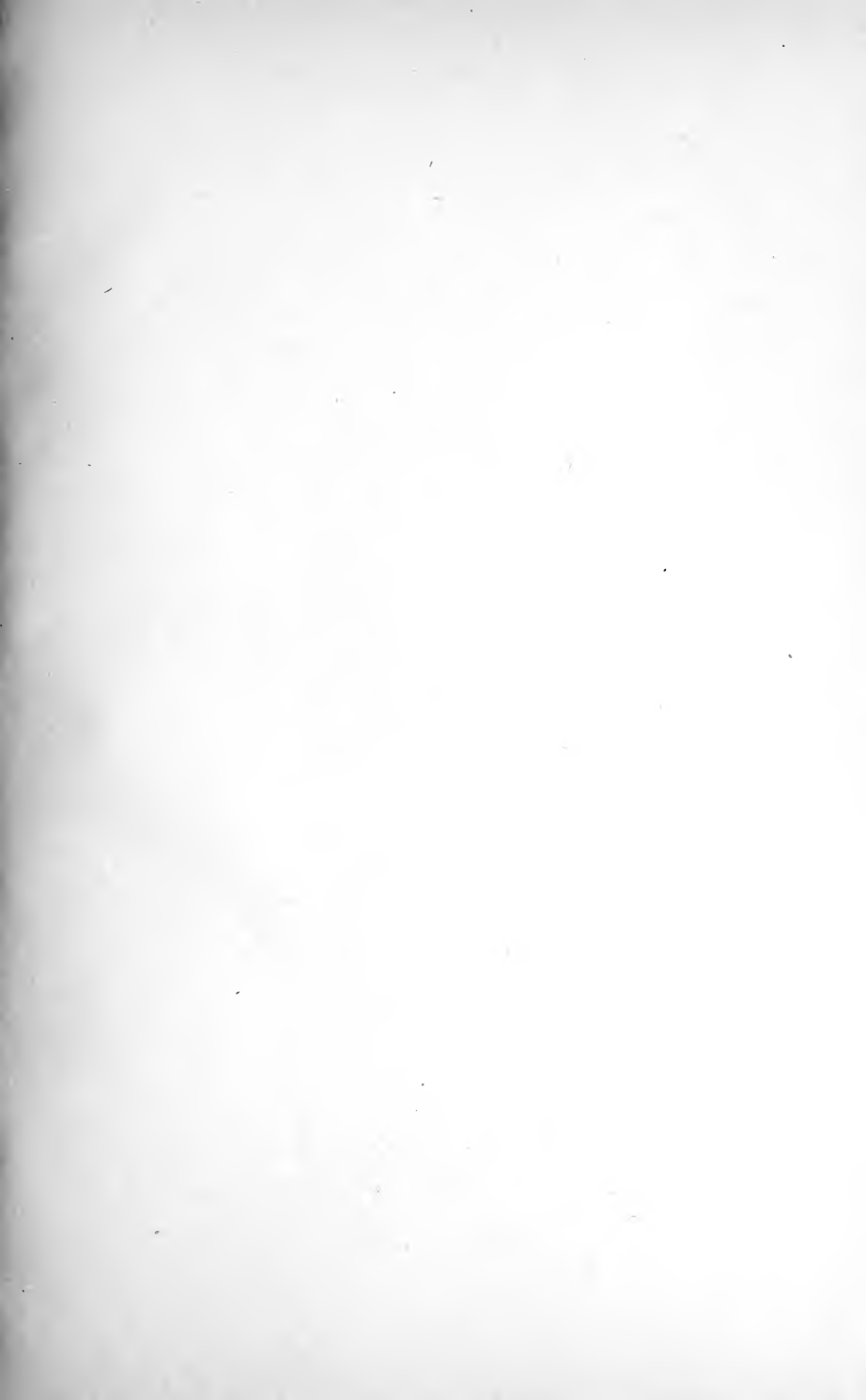
PATTESON:

- Story of Bishop Patteson.* Paget. Edited by John Lang.
E. P. Dutton50
Children's Heroes Series.....

HANNINGTON, LIVINGSTONE, PATTESON, MACKAY:

- The Romance of Missionary Heroism.* John C. Lambert.
Lippincott 1.50





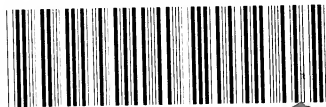
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